

The World

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

Lilian Bell

A Man Is Only Half a Man Who Doesn't Know How to Swim.



I HAVE just spent a week at the seashore, where I observed many things. I never go anywhere nor talk to anybody that I do not learn things I didn't know before, therefore in looking back and analyzing my impressions I find that the strongest one I brought away with me is the pitiable figure a man cuts at the seaside when he indulges in aquatic pursuits without being properly equipped therefor.

By being properly equipped I do not refer to yachting clothes nor to nautical language. Oh, no. The man who, up to the time he got off the train, had never been in more water than his morning tub bath, and who never was aboard anything more seagoing than a ferry-boat, will hop blithely on the beach clad as a sailor, will speak feelingly of prow and stern, of fore and aft, but when it comes to seeing him try to row or to sail a boat or even to get into his bathing suit and disport himself in the water, you will see what an ineffectual land lubber he is.

Then this question arises: Has a man who cannot swim and who thus could not even save himself from drowning any moral right to take a girl out in a boat? Unless the girl can swim and she takes her as a protection to herself; I never thought of that possibility.

Rowboats are had enough, for the man who cannot swim is generally ignorant of the dangers of the sea and is often the kind of a fool who thinks it is great sport to rock the boat and scare the girl. The man who loves to frighten a woman is always a coward, for a truly brave man knows the danger he is up against and realizes the value of self-control. The man who can swim and who knows how it feels to be overboard in deep water with only himself to save is never the sort of foolhardy imbecile who rocks a boat. There is no music to him in the timid squeak of a frightened girl. But to the man who is at heart a coward, it gives a feeling of manliness and courage to see a creature proving herself weaker and more timid than he knows himself to be. Therefore he intimidates her maliciously—whether she is in a boat or on horseback. Wherever he can get a woman at his mercy the coward needlessly frightens her.

The brave man never does. I should think that chivalry alone would compel every man to learn to swim. For not only does it make more of a man of him, but it puts him in a position where, in an emergency, he can be of use to those weaker than himself. What must be the feelings of shame and chagrin which assail a man in an expensive bathing suit who sees a child carried out beyond his depth and possibly drowned before his eyes, while he is able only to run up and down on the dry sand, wringing his hands and calling to others to do the man's work he would be able to do for himself if he could swim?

And does this gallant who cannot swim ever stop to think of the anxiety he causes the mothers of the girls he takes out in his boat? Of the nervousness they suffer until they see their children safe on land again? No. The sort of man who cannot swim is too selfish and egotistical to think of any one on earth but himself or to consider anything in the world out of his own pleasure.

Yet to the thoughtful observer he is only half a man.

For and Against. PHILADELPHIA lawyer, retained as counsel for the defense in a murder trial, tells of the difficulties in getting together a jury. "Counsel were endeavoring," says this lawyer, "to elicit from the various prospective jurors their views concerning the death penalty."

In the Saddle Again.

By "Scar."



Why Shouldn't Men Wear Flowers on Their Hats? A "Straw" With Roses on It Would Be a Real Joy

By Ann Evans.



That is the sort of conversation we will be hearing in Fifth Avenue buses shortly if prophecies come true. Women's adoption of man's collars, neckties, waistcoats and Panamas is to be re-venge.



Oscar Wears Shooting Stars.

Harriman greeting each other, politely lifting their cloche chapeaux, modestly trimmed with sprays of goldenrod. A fall of thistles from the left side of beauty, but the latter's preference is for forget-me-nots.

Only gardenias, creamy blossoms among dark green leaves, will grace the Merry Widow—or will it be Charlotte Corday?—of Frederick Townsend Martin, and Fifth Avenue will follow his lead. Longacre Square will see everything in floral headgear on its heroes, from Paversham's Sweet William to the Dutchman's Breeches dear to Sam Bernard. Further west the flat brim of Oscar Hammerstein's famous top hat will be garlanded with "larks' tongues" and "shooting stars."

Doppel is selecting his Paris hat at present. Will it be a laurel wreath or only rosemary for remembrance, we wonder? Special hat rooms are to be constructed in Broadway restaurants to hold the "Johnny-jump-up" lids of the stage-door devotee, and the managements are making special preparations to house the crop of new evening hats with the greatest care not to crush the flowers.

Hatpins and veils will be carefully attached to their proper sky-pieces, and hand mirrors will be given as a souvenir to every gentleman.

Then, when it snows, Wrens, growing colder, Urge it: "Careless her! Hold her, man, hold her! Tell her (oh, cling to her), tell her—God bless her!—Love grows no colder!" July Everybody's.

Telling Her. By Charles Buxton Going. WHEN the hedge blows, Sparrow and innert Through the green cover Warble: "Begin it! Tell her (oh, haste to her), tell her you love her! Tell her this minute!"

When the leaf blows, And the haws soften, Robins call gaily: "Tell her (oh, stand by her), tell her (oh, stand by her), tell her daily, Over and often!"

A Fatal Situation. "A" so, Bummel, the student, was almost drowned when he was in swimming yesterday? How did it happen? "The ballist went by, and the door-boy was forced to remain under water so long."—Transatlantic Tales.

The Chorus Girl

Says "A Wine Agent in the hand is better than the Millionaire you ain't yet met."

By Roy L. McCardell.



Roy L. McCardell

"We haven't decided where we'll go this summer," said the Chorus Girl, "because nobody has asked us to go anywhere. Mamma De Branscombe says it's simply shameful how selfish men are. Here was race week at Larchmont and we got passed up."

"You hear all this talk of a Chorus Girls' Hotel because so many girls are in town and they want an excuse to give for their stinking around. The excuse that they are so interested in the Chorus Girls' Hotel that they are waiting around till it's built don't go with me. I was at several of the meetings and everybody offered suggestions that would get their names in the papers, but nobody offered any money."

"Dopey McKnight wanted the piano playing privilege at the hotel, and if he couldn't get that he wanted to be night clerk, provided he got an early relief, because for years he has had to go to bed at dawn because the morning sun hurts his eyes."

"Poor Dopey, he is a nervous wreck trying to compose music to a 'chuckle' song. Charley Ross composed the words of the 'chuckle' song, although some of the 'chuckles' is by Lew Dockstader."

"Dopey can't make near-rhymes of them even. For instance, what can you do in the way of fitting music to a lyric like this: 'Potted ham.' 'What is an intoxicated actor?' Answer: 'Potted ham.' 'Why will it be unwise to elect either Taft or Bryan?' Answer: 'Because in either case Uncle Sam will get a big Bill.'"

"Dopey McKnight has wrestled with it for hours and hours, sometimes for ten minutes, too, and has neglected finishing his new ragtime symphony in color, 'The Cokey Moke.'"

"I will say for Dopey that although he isn't pretty he is handsomely marked, and he can fetch and carry and we don't need no license for him. 'He did one good turn, though; he has reunited Amy De Branscombe with her fiancé, George, the wine agent. A coolness grew between them when, on account of hard times, George said his expense accounts had been cut so that he wasn't allowed to buy his own brand for his friends.'"

"Show us something doing," said his firm. 'We don't kick at your expense account at a Larry Mulligan outfit, where our wine has been laid in, or anything like that, but this promiscuous awing around where they ain't no other customer but yourself ordering anything stronger than imported beer or horse's necks don't go. The only sign of returning prosperity we lamp is the way you are cutting into the grape at our expense, and even the fact that it's solely our wine don't appeal to us!'"

"When George showed us his hand in them regards, Mamma De Branscombe said to Amy that she was too young to know her own heart as yet, and she better wait till the wine business picked up before she gave George any more encouragement, and men was deceivers ever, and after the way we had touted his brand, George, if he was a man and not a mouse, should have come to the front for his fiancée and her friends in words to this effect: 'I've seen them ladies walk out of a place, and pan it as a drum not worthy of first-class patronage, when our wine wasn't on the card, and by so doing



Dopey Shot On the Poppun Six Times.

incurred the enmity of the proprietors of plunges with whom their tab was good for any reasonable amount of eats and drinks. If we don't stand by our friends that plug for us and who do call for our wine, even if our house has to pay for it, when nobody else on earth is calling for any brand at all, let us have a settlement and I'll go boosting a pure spring water that I can make myself!"

"George should have faltered not, Mamma De Branscombe said. 'We wasn't so bad off. Louie Zinsheimer and Able Wogelbaum had come across with new sheath skirt gowns, on condition we tell everybody who made them for the trade, and we looked like ready money. But George showed the yellow streak and wouldn't come to the front for us on the proposition at all, and Amy would have given him back his ring, only he had taken it from her, because he said the stone was too small, and had hooked it.'"

"But we hear that George's firm thinks it good business to make a return of prosperity play and has unbelted on the expense account again."

"We had been at Coney Island that day and Mamma De Branscombe had sent Dopey McKnight to buy her some popcorn, because we hadn't met anybody to blow us to dinner, and Dopey comes back saying the first place he struck was a toy stand and post-card emporium and they had no popcorn, but they had popguns, which they told him would do just as well."

"When we got back to town we go to Churchill's and we hears from Boston Charlie, who is waiting there, that George had been in asking for us, and was liable to be in again any minute."

"Dopey, poor slob, seeing Amy turn pale when she asks, 'Did he have any money on him?' ast Boston Charlie if he would set us behind a screen and bring in half a dozen empty 'Pink Seal' bottles."

"Boston Charlie do this for us, and we no sooner got behind the screen with the empty quart bottles in front of us than he tips his mitt that George is come in."

"When he hears this Dopey commences to shoot the popgun like a Christmas tree orphan. At them sounds we can peek and see George is all attention and getting nervous every minute, and Boston Charlie goes over and tells him that it is his old friends making them joy sounds with 'Pink Seal.'"

"When Dopey has shot the popgun six times George can't stand the strain any longer, and he comes over just as Dopey sinks the popgun in his hip pocket. George wises the wine bottles on the table and sees they ain't Perfect Brut, his brand, and he roars out, 'Take this stuff away and drink wine!' At this Boston Charlie brings in a quart of George's brand in a cooler and Amy bursts into tears and says, 'Others has been trying to win my heart, but I've been true to you, George. I've never drank a drop of any brand but yours!'"

"At these words George takes out his money and says he ain't like some pikers that is on dead ones; when he has friends to drink his wine he also comes across with the eats."

"Mamma De Branscombe says, 'No hard feelings, George, but I could not see you cold and distant to my child, and when the 'Pink Seal' people tempted me I fell. Amy, my angel, is not to blame.'"

"Of course, though, Amy is keeping her eyes open and if she can meet a fiancé that is a real live one George will be showed out on the ice. 'But what he don't know won't hurt him, and a wine agent in the hand is better than the millionaire you ain't met yet.'"

"But that was one time we caught him bending."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



THE man who tries to mix his women friends has about the same unfortunate results as the man who tries to mix his drinks.

One reason why a dainty little thing like a woman wastes her love on man-creature with a rough chin, stubby hair and a smell of tobacco about his clothes is that he is the only thing in that line.

Playing with platonic friendship, like playing with a live wire, is very exhilarating but full of shocking possibilities and liable to leave you with burnt fingers.

A man will forgive a woman for almost any indiscretion sooner than for leaving her hair in the comb and for breaking the Ten Commandments sooner than for leaving her hot curling tongs where his fingers can get on them.

Marriage is a legal contract which merely gives one man the exclusive right to find fault with a woman. 'Tis better to have kissed and paid the cost than never to have kissed at all.

TO CHANGE NICKELS TO DIMES.



If the Smith street and Franklin avenue lines are allowed to increase their fare to Coney Island from five to ten cents their profits will be more than doubled. For years these lines have charged a five-cent fare except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. This enabled poor people with large families to go to Coney Island at half the expense. It applied particularly to mothers and children to whom the longer time of a trolley ride over the elevated service did not offset the great saving in fares.

The Nassau Road, before Tom Johnson sold it to the B. R. T., also gave a Coney Island five cent fare, which, under the law, should have been continued, because the fact of consolidation does not warrant an increase of fare, but on the contrary requires free transfers.

The obvious reason for this application to the Public Service Commission for permission to charge an increased fare on these two lines is that so long as two trolley roads carry passengers to Coney Island for five cents there is every reason to argue that the elevated road and the B. R. T. should not be allowed to charge ten cents. From the Williamsburg Bridge to Coney Island is further than from the Brooklyn Bridge, and both are further than from the Brooklyn terminal of the subway. Also elevated transportation costs less for operation than trolley transportation.



The Public Service Commission has had this Coney Island fare question before it for many months. When The Evening World's Coney Island Five Cent Fare bill passed the Legislature some Public Service Commissioners, through the Citizens' Union, argued that the bill interfered with them, and that they were the body to reduce the fare. The attorneys for the B. R. T. before the Assembly and Senate Committees made a like argument. Gov. Hughes, thinking that it was the business of the Public Service Commission to investigate and act, vetoed the bill.



Yet the Public Service Commission has not acted. It has conducted a summertime investigation which does not seem to have gone into the broad question at all but considered whether in certain specific instances of cars running full and returning empty their operation paid.

Now the Public Service Commission must fish or cut bait. That will be one good result of the application to increase the fare. The Public Service Commission of this district has been in existence over a year. It has spent more than a million dollars. What have the people got for it?

WOMEN ARE TALLER.

Women are growing taller. A century ago the average woman stood hardly an inch above the average man's shoulders. To-day many women are taller than men, and in well-to-do families the height of the girls often exceeds the height of the boys. If this keeps on women will be men's physical superiors as they are now the social, mental and moral superiors of the male sex. To-morrow's World tells about this with pictures and also about fat men.

There are an explanation of the rotary house where during the winter the living rooms can be turned to the south and during the summer to the north, and a page story of how King Edward refused to dance with an actress, which he was not so averse to doing when he was the Prince of Wales.

Then there are illustrated descriptions of the rat which is now worn on so many fashionable heads, what a mosquito does when he bites you, of the man who walked around the world, and how the school teacher married the Chairman of the School Board.

The love story is "The Scarlet Letter." The music is "Any Old Rag," besides the funny, sporting and metropolitan sections, all the news and thousands of want ads, which are worth more than any other part of the paper to the man who is out of a job.

Please take the trouble to order a copy of your newsdealer in advance.

Letters from the People.

April 13 and March 29. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what dates did Good Friday fall in the years 1866 and 1897? JOHN JOHNSON. 230 Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the address of the Legal Aid Society? A. C. R.

A Presidential Sentence. To the Editor of The Evening World: Some time ago one of your readers asked for a sentence by which he could remember the order of the Presidents. Here is one I believe will answer. The first letter of each word stands for a President (Washington, Adams, Jefferson, etc.): "Water always jumps men."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Which is the larger city, London or New York? J. CLARK.

Reddy the Rooter.

By George Hopf.



GEE, LOOK WHERE THE BOSS LEFT DE INK, AN' LOOK AT DE SHADE STRING, AN IDEA!

WOT'S NOW?

ILL WIND DE STRING AROUND DE BOTTLE AN' OH WELL, WE'LL SEE!

SEE HERE, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO PULL THE BLINDS DOWN SO— I FORGOT!

YOW!

RIPPLES OF MIRTH

MOST STUPID ACCIDENT! GOME REDDY, WE'LL GET OUT! TELL THE PORTER TO CLEAN UP!

SERVE HIM A PORT-SIDE FLINGER, GAWGE, DON'T LET ANY GUY ANCHOR AT DE HAVEN!

GUESS ME MINDS TOTTERIN' WOT?

WOT'S NOW?

WOT'S NOW?

WOT'S NOW?